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Blessings in Disguise !

"Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face."

Some years ago, a rich young Russian nobleman was suspected of having taken part in a conspiracy against the life of the Emperor Nicholas II. He was arrested and thrown into prison at St. Petersburg, because of a quick and decided sense of injustice due to him aroused the best passions of his soul, the moment that first long winter night swearing and stamping on the ground, furiously cursing the sovereign of his country who deserved his arrest, and the Sovereign of heaven who had permitted it. Exasperated at last, he threw himself on his bed of straw, and remained there for hours in mournful silence. Those eight wretched days passed away.

On the evening of the ninth, a venerable minister came to pray with and for him, and to entreat him to accept the invitation of the crown, who says: "Come to Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The only answer was a painful laugh. On leaving, however, the old man gave him a Bible, begging him to read it. But as soon as the door was closed, the young felon kicked it into a corner, exclaiming — "I have nothing to do with the word of a God who permits Justice!" and there the old book was left for hours unnoticed. But time flew heavily; hours seemed days, and days months. To pass the time, he would, now and then, look up the Bible and read it. The first verse which caught his eye impressed him deeply: "Call upon Me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me." But he did not feel immediately, if ashamed to have been detected by reading anything like the Bible. The next day opened it again, and was surprised at the wisdom it evidently contained.

It was not long before he began to know something of the state of his own heart, and to see that it was "desperately wicked," began to feel that in the eyes of God he was a sinner deserving eternal punishment. In his distress, he fell upon his knees, crying out — "O Lord, save me, or perish! O Lord, wash away my sins, and clean out with the precious Blood of Jesus." For Jesus' sake have mercy upon a miserable sinner." His prayer was heard; and now, instead of complaining of injustice, he was mourning over his sinfulness, and thinking of the love of God. He asked to see the old minister;

and the joy of the good man may be imagined when, on entering the cell, he found the once enraged prisoner sitting with a quiet, happy countenance, rejoicing in the hope that Christ had now become his Saviour and Friend. "At first," he said, "I considered my imprisonment a great misfortune; but now I see why I was placed here, and I thank God for it. If I had continued in my prosperity, I

"You have learned from the papers that I am sentenced to be hung. Do not weep, but rejoice, for by the grace of God I am not afraid to die. 'I know in whom I have believed.' The best moment of a Christian's life is his last, for then he is nearest heaven. Death to him is only passing from a world of sin and suffering to heaven, where the redeemed of the Lord will be happy for ever. There I will wait

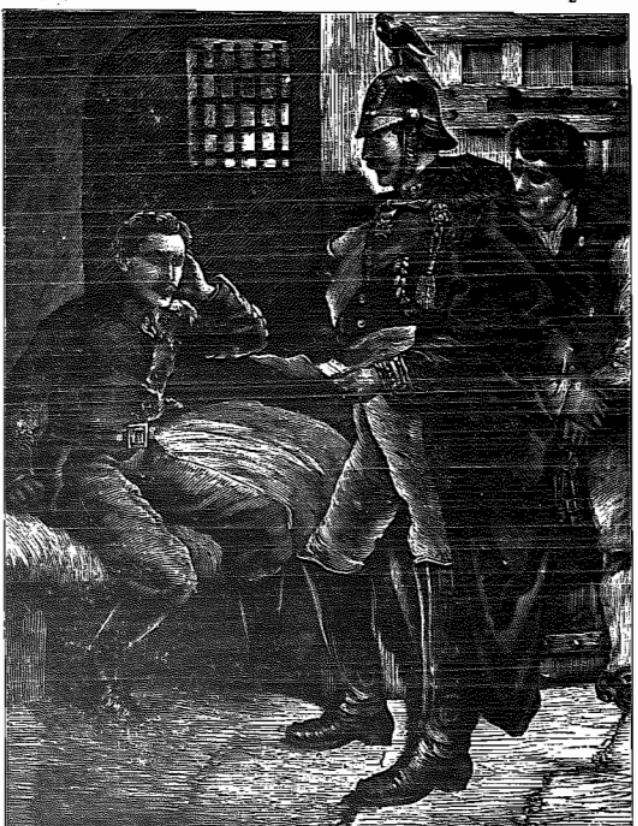
my chains, comfort you and be with you both unto the end!"

On the fatal day, the principal rooms in the splendid mansion of the young nobleman's aunt were draped in mourning, and all were bowed down with grief; yet while they wept they thanked God and praised God, and He comforted them.

When the faithful minister stood upon the evening previous to the appointed day, the prisoner sat upon his knees, and in an instant

prayer committed his soul to Christ, and then for a few hours quietly slept. Before the dawn of day he was aroused by voices in the passage, and steps evidently approaching his cell. "They come early to take me to the gallows," he thought; and though prepared to die, his heart beat faster. The door of the cell was thrown back, and a tall, noble form entered, which he instantly recognized as that of the Emperor. A man had just been arrested, charged with a share in the conspiracy, and upon his person was found a letter which said:—"We have done all we could to entice W——, but in vain; he declares he will be true to his sovereign until death." The paper was immediately handed to Nicholas, and he had time to read it twice. "A few hours more," said the Emperor, "and I shall have lost in you one of my best friends. Forgive my unconscious error, and accept from me, in remembrance of this day, the rank of general, which I hope you may live to enjoy many happy years."

The liberated young nobleman journeyed as rapidly as possible to the house of his aunt, where he found them all sitting in a room which was hung with deep folds of悲哀. When he began to speak, and tell them the mercy of God to him, tears of joy and thankfulness ran down their cheeks. As he finished his account, he added:—"We have prayed to God in our distress, let us now bless Him for His goodness; especially for having given His only-begotten Son to be our Saviour, our Intercessor, our new Friend and Comforter, in trouble." And that prayer came from full and grateful hearts; so that the seeming great calamity



A WELCOME MESSAGE

should perhaps never have read this holy book, which, by the grace of God, has led me to salvation. My tears are falling while I write, yet I am happy and full of peace, thinking of the blessedness promised to all who believe in Christ. This happiness will be mine already when these lines reach you. May the Almighty God, whose presence I now enjoy so fully in my cell, and who has made me free in the midst of

for you, in that blessed land where there will be no more prisons, no more sorrow, no more sin. My tears are falling while I write, yet I am happy and full of peace, thinking of the blessedness promised to all who believe in Christ. This happiness will be mine already when these lines reach you. May the Almighty God, whose presence I now enjoy so fully in my cell,

of his life was a "blessing in disguise." How often is it that even Christians man and feet beneath trial and calamity, but yet how necessary are they for the building up of their spiritual life and character. And how many of us have been led into the truth itself through discipline and afflictions which, having brought us to God, have indeed proved to us blessings in disguise.



GETTING FIT FOR HEAVEN.

COMMISSIONER FRANK SMITH.

There are some people who, when they go for this cleansing, go in for it pell-mell. There is no difficulty if you throw yourself entirely on God. For instance, a man comes to the penitent-form and they tell him he must give up the drink, and with a great deal of trouble the man gets delivered from the drink, and he does not trouble about the other evils that are in his soul. He forgets all about them. The consequence is, that all through his life he is fighting and groaning and wrestling over other thing that spring up, instead of having the thing done right off at once.

SALVATION MEANS ALTERATION,

or it means nothing at all.

There are some people who profess Jesus Christ who in some things have not altered a bit. Some things they allow themselves to do just now as they did before they came to the Army. I mean, when they are trying to sin, and if they were to get into Heaven, God wants a thorough, complete work, and nothing but a thorough and a complete work will admit us into Heaven. No sin can enter it. We have to be separated from it, entirely separated from it down here. A man or a woman who is properly saved has to be entirely the reverse in every particular to what he or she was before salvation.

For instance, if a man was saved he used to smoke tobacco, he might not to day; but when he was saved, he ought not to smoke after he is saved. If a man used to go to a theatre before he was saved, he has no business to go to it now. If a man used to do certain sins before he was saved, he ought not to allow himself to do that thing after. If he does not cannot be changed, and therefore saved in that particular direction. We have to be thoroughly changed, completely different in every particular. That is why we have had nothing to do with God, after we are saved we must nthink to do with the devil, and yet there are some people who allow themselves to do these things and say, "Well, there is no particular reason in this, or that."

"I am a man once, I shall never forget it; he was down to the table again, grinded and wrestled for about twenty minutes; he cried and groaned so much we almost thought he had committed suicide. I went to him and said, 'What is it? Is it that you are not a Christian? Is it that it must come?' We said, 'That's so, let it come!' and then he pulled out of his pocket a nasty, dirty old pipe that I would touch with the tongue. Is there any man in the world who would not keep out of Heaven?" With one or two more words he was gone.

"The Army needs my tongue. We fair away our 'chain shot.' That is, our cause testimony chain to the Word of God.

The Army needs my fight. Every mortal soul fight about him, especially when his 'combatability' is sanctified to lead him to put on the whole armour of God.

The Army needs my life. I must live right, live earnestly, live humbly. To the leaders in this hard fight, a cheer to all saints, and a joy to angels in glory.

The Army needs my death. Every saint needs death;

"Well," he said, "I'm in doubt." "Well,"

I said, "that settles it." That which is not of faith is sin; they that doubt not allow themselves to do it. What is it that which you are in doubt about will be damned, doubt being condemnation. My idols now I cast aside, all doubtful things I put away.

The Lord help you to

IT IS NOW!

The Army and Myself.

II.—Why the Army needs Me.

"Now don't be too egotistic." No, I admit that the Army could exist without me. Bless the Lord, it is so truly an Army, and so truly a work of God.

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not trouble about the other evils that are in his soul. He forgets all about them. The consequence is, that all through his life he is fighting and groaning and wrestling over other thing that spring up, instead of having the thing done right off at once.

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"Well," he said, "I'm in doubt." "Well,"

we get saved. That I had before I entered the Salvation Army, of course.

The "dying daily," the "crucifixion," the "living sacrifice," which Jesus and His most excellent Officers and soldiers have experienced. The death to self and the world to live for the Army. I said I would enjoy this cross.

The final victory of the death of the body. When, where or how it matters not; but I expect to die as a soldier and full of victory.

The Army needs martyrs. I am willing to be one. Why not? Glad to live and fight for Jesus here as long as He wills.

I said, "I want to go up to glory myself,"

and why may not God take me up in such a way as many others have been taken up?

I said, "I want to go up to the cross."

The giant who slew 1,000 Philistines at once in His life, slew 3,000 by death.

If the Lord can so do my death, I shall

pray Him forever for it.

G.

Look out for next week's slot.

Because He Was Good.

CAPT. W. ANDREWS.

While leading a Little Soldier's meeting last week I asked why was Daniel put in the lion's den. To which question a little child gave the beautiful, though simple answer, "Because he was good." It was because he prayed, says some one. Yes, but under the circumstances if Daniel had not been good he would not have prayed.

To pray in these days of nineteenth century advancement morality and religion is indeed an easy matter, and especially in this our beloved God-honored and privileged Dominion. And we think they are comparatively few who do not know some thing either of the practice or the power of prayer.

The Salvation Army needs plain people.

Jesus calls fishermen.

They were more teachable than wise Scribes.

No use of going into this Army if you

think you know more than the Army does.

Jesus went specially after the "common people."

Where He leads I will follow.

Are you plain and teachable enough to follow Him?

The Army needs hard workers.

When I write offering my services to the Army,

I said that if I could not be a Gideonite I could at least be a Gihonite.

We are working men for the working men.

Jesus said, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

He is a good teacher.

He is a good leader.

He is a good master.

He is a good father.

He is a good husband.

He is a good son.

He is a good brother.

He is a good friend.

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1 What Would They Think?

CAPT. L. WHEAT.

"Twas like your own home."

"WE often noticed a curious fact, that our wounded just by it were more numerous than those we seem ashamed of the Master's cause. I've examined the chain that to daily should bind. And have found the broken link. They were the what would my neighbors say?"

And "What would the people think?"

CHORUS.

Now this is the trouble with many to-day.

Who from their duty shrink,

They wonder "What would my neighbour say?"

And "What would the people think?"

So many would like to know us,

But it wouldn't do, you know!

They never could wear the uniform

Nor march with Bill and Joe.

Their friends would never know them

again.

And their business would sink,

So they listen to what the people say,

And fear for what they think.

Some people who like to be "populæ"

And called the "upper ten,"

Are very particular.

As to what they're bound; but then

You'll see them at the "minstrel show,"

To the "circus," and the "rink,"

But go to the "Army," Oh, dear no!

For "What would the people think?"

They are taken given to every one,

And work for us all to do,

And the Master has told us what will be

With the servants He finds untrue.

Then let us work for gods to day.

Who are just upon ruin's brink,

Though a cross it be—if a soul is free,

Never mind what the people think.

2. The Cross of Christ.

MR. A. G. COOPER.

"Sister, come, we're coming."

O NCE Calvary's blood, His blood was spilt. To clear us from our sin and guilt, And make us ready for to die, To gain that home in heaven on high.

CHORUS.

Glory, glory, to His name, Hallelujah, James came; I'll praise the Lamb that once was slain, To save a world of sinners.

Now since I have the favour found, I leave to do the soul around That Jesus died for me to set Te set their souls at liberty.

Oh, won't you poor sinner now, And have the witness now within, That you are cleansed from every sin.

Now I'm rejoicing in His love, For I'm seeking treasures far above This world of sin and care to me Since I've been set at liberty.

3 Barriers Swept Away.

A. W. H.

"There's no one like Jim."

THE smile of Jehovah is resting on me, From sin and from hell He has set my soul free.

You may be strange, but my comrade's tree, The Saviour still lives and waits to bless you.

CHORUS.

Oh glory to God who reigns on high, Who gave Jesus, His Son, on Calvary to us.

That all poor creatures like you and me, Should no longer go desiring but have

Heaven.

Happy I am, no longer I fear, For to me the way is no more dark and drear. The barriers that hindered and made me do wrong Have been swept far away, and this is my song.

Then I'll live for Him who died for me, And prove Salvation "full and free." I'll tell of a Saviour lowly and meek, Who not only saves but is able to keep.

No longer than doubt, but take God at His word.

I'll tell of His salvation, The Blood of Jesus cleanses white a

Step out on the promise, get under the Blood, The blessing that's mine is yours just the same.

Can be made into soul winners

And be fighters in the Army of the Lord.

CHORUS.

Happy Now!

CAPT. JESSE SHABOTIN.

"Twas—'I get salvation."

WHEN wandering far from Jesus, Seeking this world's pleasure, I often used to think about my soul, But never till the Army came to town and told me, That Jesus would come and make me whole.

CHORUS.

I am happy now in Jesus' love, Marching on to the land above, If faithful to the end I prove, I'll dwell forever there.

It was there when I saw Calvary, Where Jesus died to save me, I know a guilty sinner at His feet, And I'll always do the same there.

And oh, the joy of salvation, While kneeling at the Father's mercy seat.

The devil often tries me, With temptation hard assails me, But Jesus has proved all to bear, He helps in every strife.

Never known to fail, Though the devils I need never fear.

CHORUS.

5 The Pleading Voice.

LIEUT. F. E. JOHNSON.

"The Master Drove."

SINNER, poor sinner, The Saviour is calling; Calling so quickly that they hear,

His party comes along, And lovingly calls,

"Oh, come ye heavy laden come to Me, Oh, weary wands come, oh, come to Me."

CHORUS.

Listen to His pleading voice, Listen to His pleading voice,

"Come ye heavy laden, come to Me;" Listen to His pleading voice,

Listen to His pleading voice, O, sinner, Jesus now is calling that.

Jesus the Saviour, The God of Calvary, Again, His life blood for thy soul;

Shed His life blood for thy soul; Do not reject Him;

Just now accept Him, The burden away He will roll,

And you shall be cleansed and made whole. That claimed for His blood.

Hear, hear, His pain in pity, My Father's love, too,

They know not that I love them, And die that they might live."

The dying thief believing, Lets to the Saviour pray,

Then crying, "Lord remember me, His sins are washed away.

CHORUS.

6 The Good Old Bible.

W. H.

"Twas—"My love we shall meet like."

THE battle is now raging, The hosts of hell are engaged,

To try and stop the Army of the Lord, Make us stand, they gather together,

And they try to stop us, The precious love of Jesus and His Word.

CHORUS.

But we love the good old Bible, Xai we love the good old Bible,

And we'll stand and wait to meet him.

CHORUS.

If we're only good and faithful, To our Saviour always grateful, We shall have a home in glory by and bye.

In it I see such beauty, It tells of love and duty, The half that's in it never can be sold, Such things done by the power of the Holy Ghost each hour, Blessed Jesus give us power, give it now.

We'll tell of many battles, Even though we're beaten, The Blood of Jesus cleanses white a

snow, Old and young and every sinner, Can be made into soul winners

And be fighters in the Army of the Lord.

CHORUS.

Happy Now!

CAPT. JAMES DAWSON.

"Twas—"Forget Me Not."

FAREWELL comrades, I must say you;

Marching orders came to-day, And I've promised my dear Saviour I would follow all the way.

We have had some glorious victories, When we've fought beside you side by side.

Private M. Dowd, of Winnipeg, is Cadet at Victoria, R.C.A.

Private M. Conner, of Neepawa, is Cadet at Brandon, R.C.A.

Private H. Thompson, of Brandon, is Cadet at Neepawa, Man.

Private S. Foster, of Brandon, is Cadet at Emerson, Man.

T. B. COOMBS, Commissioner, Salvation Temple, Toronto, Ont.

D. O. YOUNG.

At the moment of going to press a telegram comes to hand that D.O. Young is again "very, very low!" Everyone Pray!

O, broken heart of Jesus, By sins we mortals rolled That even hid the Father's face, One half can never be sold. The darkness now is lifted, "The finished," hear His cry; On sin turn aside to see The man of sorrows die.

CHORUS.

A journalist whether

religious or secular he

occasionally before him

some disagreeable and

watiful tasks, and in war-times he

often chronicles the victories of friends

and exposes the craft and perfidy

of the enemies, and to conse

the leaders and the troops, but he has

an occasion arises to chronicl

the sins movements and criticis

the sins of those he desire

to applaud and commend. Despite

his irreverence and personal predi

cations, it is true to his instincts and

interests of those he represents, he

not hesitate to point out weak points

reprove mistakes or weaknesses enoug

wherever he finds them; he finds that

they exist and that

they are not always

so much as he thinks.

He will pay to the fact that

he is at least one

standout among

the remaining hundred and

sixty-four hours.

But this is not the case.

He will pay to the fact that

he is not the only one

of the remaining hundred and

sixty-four hours.

He will pay to the fact that

he is not the only one

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Our Training Home Mothers

STAFF-CAPT. BANKS.

Lippincott Training Home

My earliest recollections are marked with a longing desire to be good. My father died while I was very young, and the early years of my life were passed with my grandparents in the quiet old town of Chester, England. Here I was sent to the Methodist Sunday School and Chapel. At that time there was a glorious soul-saving work being carried on, and I remember the feelings of reverence with which I regarded some of the older girls, who got converted at this time, long before I knew what conversion meant; my curiosity, too, was aroused by seeing people in the prayer meetings going forward to the communion rail and there weep and pray for mercy. Often I prayed the minister would come and speak to me, doubtless because I was only a child, little knowing how mighty God's spirit was stirring with me, reading the Bible and saying my prayers.

My school days being ended I went to various schools at Liverpool to learn a trade. After being there some little time I was asked by an acquaintance to go to a class-meeting with her: I did, and I heard all sorts of things.

"Oh, here comes the day that saved my life,

On the same Sabbath and my God, etc."

I felt very miserable. Strange it seemed that all this time no one spoke to me definitely about salvation. If the Salvation Army had been in my reach those days I don't think I should have been very long before getting into the light, as it was, for I had a desire to be a Christian, wanting salvation but not knowing how to obtain it. One day I saw by a poster that some revival services were being held in Mount Pleasant Tabernacle, so I determined to go there that night. Accordingly, I went, but left the meeting unconverted; the following night, however, found me at the pentecostal form, where Jesus met my weary soul and saved me. The burden of sin was gone, I had peace with God. Hallelujah!

After a few months I took to take a situation in a large dry goods store in Preston. I wanted to work for God, the business houses were bad, but my heart was set on trying to help the sick, and teaching a class in the ragged school at night. But my own experience was not very bright and I seemed all told until I met a man who had been saved about four years before. Once I did hear a sermon making it plain, and immediately I felt it was just what I needed. After that any looks about Holmes were eagerly read and often I felt willing to walk miles to hear him.

About this time the Salvation Army came to Preston. I remember seeing a bunch of them, surrounded by a mob, pushed through the streets, stones, etc., flying freely. I got out of the way, thinking, "It was Dreadful."

The barracks was at some distance and for some time I did not attend any meetings. One day I was given a ticket for the Holloway meeting Friday night, so I resolved to go. Everything seemed very strange, but I saw with it that my pathway led what I was to do for. Full of fear and trembling to attend whenever I had the opportunity until God gave me a plain I had to surrender. I saw that He meant coming to me. After I now had knowledge of a greater society, I also began to do other work, and could not see why God should want me in the Army. True, I used to go to Army meetings and give some of the fire and fervor, but I had been very cold and lifeless. But after a few meetings—God had to drive me to it at the bayonet's point—I resolved I would obey God's voice whatever the consequences might be. I

became a soldier and gradually got into uniform. Opposition there was plenty from all quarters; our marches were always very rough, at times the soldiers tramped barefoot, and I have known red hot cinders to have been thrown, but God raised up a brave little band of soldiers who, though they might have been beaten every night, did not let go. They called me and told me they objected to my wearing the Army uniform (although I did not wear it in business hours) and said they would give me a week to consider whether I would leave or not. I did not let go. The devil tempted me sorely, but God helped me, and the following Saturday night I told them I could not lay aside the uniform or leave the Army; but, come to my experience, they did not mind it in their employ six years, and there I remained till I entered the field.

Soon God called me to the work. I applied and after a short delay got into the Training House. I was sent to Lancaster to supply as acting Lieutenant for nine weeks, then I entered the Training Home. I shall have reason to bless God for all the sterner trials he has given me. On the 2nd of October I heard the toll and last of the battle. I have remembered the hours spent before God there, and the influences those days have served me to go on. After

The Cadet Spirit Still



STAFF-CAPT. NELLIE BANKS.

fourteen weeks of blessing one Monday, after being

"On the Watch"

all day, Miss Booth sent for me and said, "We are going to New York to Canada, as we wanted two ships for Canada, and I was told there was one God wanted. It did not take long to decide. I unanswered immediately that I meant, 'Anywhere for Jesus'."

My mother was telegraphed to, and she said, "You are right, we will go." So we farewellled at Regent's Hall, and in a little while sailed for New York, arriving in Toronto just in time for the Canadian Assembly held at Richmond Street barracks.

The following Sunday I opened fire when another Army took up the fight where another Army laid it down, but we had a considerable victory. After six months we were sent to the States.

The States was the next; here I fought very tough, but God gave us a few good cases of conversion to keep us from getting discouraged altogether. Our soldiers especially were a great success here, in about three months of a year.

After four months we were willing to say farewell and come to Toronto.

I received orders to proceed to Halifax, N.S., and so I did. I had the opportunity to attend whenever I had the chance. I had the opportunity to keep the fire burning, and here again God gave us some big triumphs. About 400 souls professed conversion. After six months fighting the fire proved to be a success, and then we were sent to the States.

The States was the next; here I

curiosity. Knowing before God in my life and influence, to help every girl who came under my care to be of service.

It had been fully expected by all we should have a rough time, but it was not very rough, at times the soldiers tramped barefoot, and I have known red hot cinders to have been thrown, but God raised up a brave little band of soldiers who, though they might have been beaten every night, did not let go. They called me and told me they objected to my wearing the Army uniform (although I did not wear it in business hours) and said they would give me a week to consider whether I would leave or not. I did not let go. The devil tempted me sorely, but God helped me, and the following Saturday night I told them I could not lay aside the uniform or leave the Army; but, come to my experience, they did not mind it in their employ six years, and there I remained till I entered the field.

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present post of duty, where I long, we shall come under my care to be of service.

A Real Woman of War.

**THE WAR CRY
IN OTHER LANDS**

THE GENERAL

— IN —
SWITZERLAND

The Journey to France

"How is the sea?" was my anxious inquiry on reaching Calais Harbor from Paris.

"Quiet; there will be a good cross-tide to-day," was the welcome reply. It was a great relief to think that the General's journey from London to Ribes de Freser—a day and a night—was to be free from most unpleasant peregrinations—so long as the sea was calm.

At an offset, however, there was this difficulty to be met as lieutenant first officer who came out from Calais Corps. He is a Belgian, and had been a soldier and a deserter—having jumped once from an express train for a day, not far from the Belgian frontier, which he opened about a fortnight ago, and where there have been terrible rows.

Capt. Chard, a French officer, and two French lieutenants, were leaving on their first day of great odds.

They had walked twenty-eight miles to save travelling expenses in coming to our officers' meeting. Their walk was eight miles, and the General's, ranging from the camp to the station, was eight miles, and converts were gathered in our hall. Expositions were on tip-top in every form. Our conversation closes by having a good time of practice in which we take part in the various exercises.

Looking across from the French Army opposite, the English coast is hardly discernible; a clever hand bordering the horizon beyond the blue sea.

On this occasion it was not the distant coast that our eyes were fixed upon, but the heavy clouds that covered the sky, while a small boat, which is passing along, was racing away to the leeward.

What a precious freight it is from our nineteenth century students our mind went back to the time when the first tops of Germany's mountains were crossing the blue strip between Asia and Europe, bearing also a precious freight, one whose life was then influencing God's whole cities and countries.

What a difference there is now! The German First landed in Egypt, sailing ship.

Eighteen centuries of "Christianity"—and yet in this, the energetic, steamer century, how much rusting and rotting! Clarendon, the General, returned to work at once to catch the first return mail with his letters. Off we go across the plains of northern France.

Saint-Omer, Arras, Rouen, Paris, etc.

We are running the gauntlet, pins-paled hails, until we are entering Switzerland.

Here we are at Bâle. There are a lot of red-handed dogs (like those of the Swiss Army) moving about on the platform, and the General is waiting for the Commissary General, Lieut. Col. Booth, the German-Swiss divisional officer, Major Patrick, the French-Swiss leader, Major Chibron, and other staff officers.

On emerging from a local railway station, we are surrounded by a crowd of men, women, and children, who are evidently awaiting the arrival of our early days of service in the Salvation Army, and to the soldiers, it is a welcome sight.

They are here to see that all is well with our men, and to see that they are well fed and clothed, as a colonel leader, under the southern sun, far away round the globe.

After Major Chibron had sold a long war song, the General addressed the soldiers in a stirring speech, exhorting them to face with their duty and with the power to accomplish it, and we closed with a renewed covenant on the part of all present to be true to the light of the General's banner, very favorably impressed with the appearance, bearing and conduct of the soldiers.

Strange to say that although Bâle is the most advanced Protestant town on the Continent, and boasts of two missionary colleges with enlightened inspectors, no German in the town seems to know the name of the General or the leader of the Army—yet it would not be natural for a Christian to sympathise with the greatest atheistic organisation in the world!

At Bâle we had a meeting of half an hour, and the General, with his pocket full of things to the officers, but they left with hearts full of salvation.

Afterwards the General, with his wife, and the band of lasses that surrounded me, the place where the works of the new army are to carry trains under the command of the General most enthusiastically.

The aspect of the platform is most striking; underneath the mass of decorations, motion, and welcome to the General in

seeing they were doing such good work, and so the lasses stood on, getting many hands saved every week.

We are within a few hundred yards of the hill which skirts the shore. The work is going on actively. The Germans believe they will carry the scheme through ultimately, notwithstanding the fact that the English Parliament refused to allow the tunnel to be made at the English end, and that the French through length of time.

"The company is like the Salvation Army. It keeps believing for ultimate success, in spite of the decree of man."

"You have a station in Calais?"

"Yes, we secured there a notorious

salmon, which was so bad that the Government closed it, a gondolier having been killed in a riot there."

"At an offset, however, there was this difficulty to be met as lieutenant first officer who came out from Calais Corps. He is a Belgian, and had been a soldier and a deserter—having jumped once from an express train for a day, not far from the Belgian frontier, which he opened about a fortnight ago, and where there have been terrible rows."

"Capt. Chard, a French officer, and two French lieutenants, were leaving on their first day of great odds."

In the afternoon the General gave an explanatory statement concerning the Army to a small number of garrison officers by special invitation. Share and eight officers of the even-numbered regiments were present, and converts were gathered in our hall. A woman has also been stabbed in the arm and has been ill for eight months.

Our conversation closes by having a good time of practice in which we take part in the various exercises.

At the evening meeting was an evening meeting, but as Commissioner Howard had undertaken to describe it for the "Cry," I desist."

The evening meeting was an evening meeting, but as Commissioner Howard had undertaken to describe it for the "Cry," I desist."

The police were on the spot all day, but there was no attempt at disturbance.

Menras, 7th—We have an early start for the Zurich express. At the station we say good-bye to Commissioners Howard, who goes to Paris. Several friends having heard of the General's leaving, the General's heart to go along with him. Our General's heart to go along with him.

"Are there hills in Germany?" asks the General, as we look across the narrow plain. "Yes, there are, and very high, especially in the south-east." The General gathered round a leader, one more anxious to practise what they learned.

A wire hairy song, mingled with the General, the latter commenced an incisive and talk upon the characteristics of true soldiery. Col. Chibron interpreting.

Every word was home, and none was lost. We then had a hearty meal, and the General's heart to go along with him.

"Yes, they are the southernmost hills of the Black Forest. They are in the Grand Duchy of Baden, which we are told is half Catholic, half Protestant.

Here I must halt to explain. We are now in the Alpine range of the French-Swiss Alps. The General made a hasty visit to the Commissary General's hotel and red

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"Sunday, 6th May.—Lovely sunny day inside and outside; day right for a walk. History from the General's first walk of five miles, and of the five fine blisters that had to be attended to at the journey's end! It's very nice to have the privilege of sitting in his room.

"Jesus is a Rock in a weary land," sang the General with his wife and the band of lasses.

verses languages, are the shining faces of our nation upon our soldiers. It is with difficulty we get a seat for a Foreign lady, sister-in-law of one of our devoted comrades who helped us nobly in the start in Holland, and who has taken a prominent and active part in the Dutch campaign.

The band leads us off with a stirring song, set to a popular Swiss air. Major Patrick and the General followed in prayer, and we were joined by the General's wife, Mrs. Howard, and our dear son, Frank, who had been born in Switzerland.

"That man," says Staff-Capt. Hodder, pointing to one of them, "can go to get a ticket for tomorrow's sunrise."

On the opposite side of the Rhine is a large town, with a bridge over it, and a bridge leading to it. "I am not so bad that the Government would not send me to go away to Bremen for a rest. At a place called Sonnenburg, the soldiers heard of this, so they subscriber our paper eight months among us, with a box to buy bread, and we have a box to buy bread," says the General.

"We don't want our captain to go away!" They have also declared their intention to get a barracks before long on their own account.

"The General's wife is the General's wife, and every one of them uses the word of grace, rice, etc. On this occasion used the soldiers stepped firmly forward, and standing upon the platform, said, 'Captain, I want to thank you for your service.'

"Our General's wife is the General's wife, and among us are some of our most intelligent officers."

Land for a building has just been secured at Armentier, after a four months' search, and we are now looking forward to its completion.

A letter just to hand. But I must say more now if I wish to reach the editor's notice. Just one word. Do we not have something to do with our beloved India to Jesus? Give yourself!

On the 24th we had an early start for the Zurich express. At the station we say good-bye to Commissioners Howard, who goes to Paris. Some friends having heard of the General's leaving, the General's heart to go along with him.

We are still holding up the

Capt. Martin. In this town, the past week a great many people have been trying to have a good time over the 24th, but they tell us it was a failure. Some had nothing but hearts, others were locked up and had to be sent to hospital.

Yesterday, Sunday, was also bad; in the afternoon one dear girl came to Christ; at night we had Staff-Capt. Paul with us, and three more souls came to the Saviour, and so we are rolling on.

Thank God this morning we can report victory

MALVERN, through the blood of Capt. Martin.

Our troops are getting better and better.

Saturday night, and Sunday morning, the General's heart to go along with him.

On Sunday morning the General's heart to go along with him.

RICHMOND HILL, we can report victory over the devil.

Hallelujah. Meeting loud and all day Sunday. At night the crosses were raised, and the band played.

We must victory through the Blood. Our motto is ever onward!

